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Walker - Quatrains 1914

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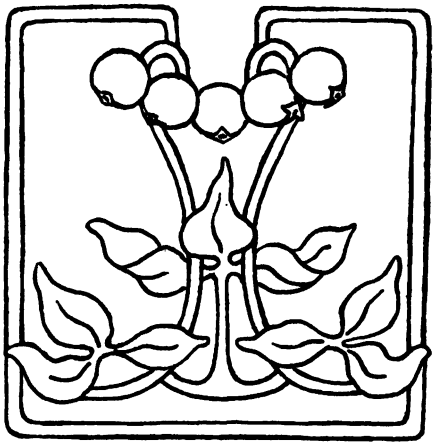

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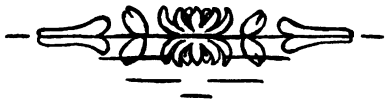
REFLECTION

WERE I the depths of some translucent lake
And you a star set high in heavens blue,
Your image deep into my soul I'd take
And so reflect, in me, yourself to you.



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THE BURNING HEART

INTO the ocean sinks the burning sun
And night is near, and peace, for those who sleep;
Ah! would to God my own life's day were done
And quenched this burning heart in waters deep.

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WOODLAND WAYS

WHEN wand'ring joyous in the woodland ways
In every leaf I sing my dear love's praise;
But when to city turmoil I depart,
I hold my dear love hidden in my heart.

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SYMPATHY

WHAT is life worth without the clinging hands
And soft unwavering gaze, which silent tell
That through the stress of every day's demands,
Between us, all is well.

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THE NEST

AN empty house is like an empty nest:
It, too, has sheltered little new-born things,
Who, human-wise or else with fluttering wings
Went forth to seek their way, at God's behest.

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IMMORTAL

DEEP in the rose's heart, far to the roseate sky,
Into my love's true eyes to heart of gold;
There looking need I never more be told
That we are born to love and then—to die.

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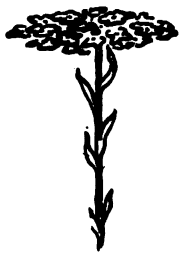
SMALL THINGS

SCORN not the smallest act in faith to do,
God in his greatness does the small things too;
Hold high thy head above all wrong to see,
But bend it low to hear when aught is asked of thee.



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AUTUMN

GRAY of the clouds, russet of autumn wood,
Gold of the meadow, and the setting sun!
And we whose summer had but just begun,
Were no wise ready for this autumn mood.

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LIFE

A little candle in a timid hand
Exploring darkness round and round about:
Shade well the little flame, for there may stand
At any corner one who'll blow it out.

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THE MOTHER

BENDING down she whispers to her child
"Little petal from a sweet wild rose,
Soft as down from thistle! Dear God knows
All my heart is happy," and she smiled.

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stormy wind
ving not to strive,
by being thrive,
ly find.

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SHELTER

As flower sheltered from the stormy wind
By some great rock and having not to strive,
So, near thy strength doth all my being thrive,
And warmth and quiet do I daily find.

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THE TORCH

DEATH cannot quench this flame—
love's holy flame,
For naught can cool or dim the sacred light;
Through aeons past, from soul to soul it came;
Who bears this torch strong death cannot affright.

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SPECTRUM

YOUTH runs the gamut of all color gay,
Like sun through crystal shining on the wall:
And Age moves slowly by a sadder way,
Where moonlight spectrum hardly shows at all.

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A TRIBUTE

HER eyes I liken to pellucid brook,
With happy lights by golden sunshine tinged,
And all her soul seems from those eyes to look
Whose setting is so deeply darkly fringed.

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ONE HOUR

ONE little hour in one whole day,
One day in all the seven,
Yet in that day, say what ye may,
I have one hour of heaven.

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"COME LITTLE CHILD"

COME little child and hold me by the hand,
And look at me with tender loving eyes!
Would I were pure like thee—not worldly wise,
So should I hold all hearts at my command.

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"LEST I STRAY"

IF thy thought turns to me with prayer
On thy dear lips, to bless my way,
If thy God keep me lest I stray
Thy faith I must a little share.

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STORM

As a frail leaf caught by a savage blast
And whirled aloft, its fibres fiercely torn,
So with my heart, on storms of sorrow borne
And into outer darkness rudely cast.

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TWO THIEVES

SPIRIT of air, ruby, iris and gold,
Bird with breast gleaming,
and swift-shining flight,
There is another, for honey less bold,
Blundering, soft colored, moth of the night.

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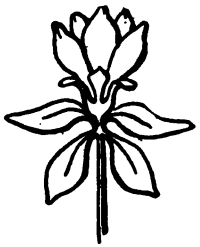
SELF

THERE are some mortals wrapped close in a veil
Of self, who heed not all the happy ways
Of those about them, but instead, bewail
Their loneliness and blindly live their days.



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YOUTH

MODELLED in beauty—chiselled strong,
Perfection thrilled with life and young:
Surely when he was born the angels sung
And gave him joy to help the sad and wrong.

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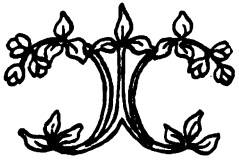
TRAVELLERS

THERE are so many, travelling on life's road,
Some blithe and gay and some with lagging feet,
There is not one who does not bear his load,
And in each cup drink bitter with his sweet.



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SOUNDS

NOT yet has man made populous the sky
With aeroplane and thrumming engine voice;
We still can hear the wild geese honking by,
And still the skylark's song bids us rejoice.

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FALL DAYS

BROWN and sere and yet beneath it all
Unburnished gold of latest days of fall.
The hills and valleys seem to glimmer gold;
One day perhaps and snow will all enfold.

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